

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

SOCCER CLUB WANTS OWN LEAGUE

TWO Football League clubs, one belonging to the First Division, the other to the Third, have novel plans to encourage the development of young players.

Charlton Athletic, top-flight club managed by go-ahead former International James Seed, aim to run a knock-out competition for amateur teams in their district of South-East London.

If the Football Association agree, Charlton will organise the competition for 16 teams, provide a cup and medals for finalists, and stage every match on their own ground.

They make only one stipulation—no player older than 21 may take part.

None of the clubs or players will be under any obligation to Charlton; nevertheless any lad considered of sufficient promise will have the opportunity of joining the club either as a professional or as a member of the amateur "nursery" team.

And if, from among the 176 boys who will be on view, Charlton find half-a-dozen worth persevering with, Seed believes the experiment will have been well worth while.

The Third Division club, Tranmere Rovers, have an even more ambitious project. Tranmere, poor financially, but rich in talent, expect soon to have at least 150 youngsters available to them as amateurs.

To give these lads a real chance to develop, Tranmere propose to run their own league—composed, if possible, of ten or more teams.

Already the number of young players on Tranmere's staff exceeds 100—the average age of the team which has been doing so well in war-time League football is 18—and the great majority have been associated with the club since leaving school.

It is an unwritten rule among these boys that they shall not smoke or drink. They are given lectures on sportsmanship as an essential part of their Soccer upbringing.

So keen are they on perfect fitness that Tranmere decided to open the ground to them every evening for training purposes, and a special recreation room, has been provided.

Mr. Robert Trueman, club chairman and hon. secretary, acts as adviser and unofficial guardian to each one of the lads, and is prime mover behind the idea of the one-club league.

JOHN NELSON.

TRY THIS ONE

C	H	R	U	I	N
F	U	R	V	E	R
T	A	N	D	O	O
T	O	C	K	O	Y
C	U	O	C	E	R
P	L	F	S	H	
P	U	F	K	O	N

Here are the names of seven birds. The letters are in their right columns, but not on the correct line across. Have a go—and see the answer to-morrow.

"Ha-Ha—She thinks it's new. I've worn it for years"



"Did I hear hoarse laughter?"

The Sports-mike moves back to record SIXTH SUCCESSIVE ASCOT WIN for BROWN JACK

Brown Jack, wonder horse, is attempting to win the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot for the sixth successive year. John Nelson, our sports recorder, who is taking his microphone back through the years, is on the course to describe the race for you. It is June 22, 1934. Over, then, to Ascot—and John Nelson.

HULLO, everyone, John Nelson calling you from Ascot... Royal Ascot, with its wonderful displays of fashion, its flowers and green-velvet lawns, its grace and gaiety. The Garden Party race meeting, without equal in the world.

Almost half of Debrett's Peerage seems to be here in

the flesh. But by far the most important personage of this last day of the Royal meeting is—Brown Jack. For this is Brown Jack's day.

For five years in succession, Sir Harold Wernher's gallant old horse has come here to win the Queen Alexandra Stakes—the longest flat race in this country—a record without equal in Turf history. To-day he is trying again—and at the ripe old age of ten it will be an achievement indeed if he succeeds in adding yet another triumph to his list.

"Can Brown Jack do it?" is

a question everyone is asking here this afternoon.

The Bored Horse

His trainer, Ivor Anthony, tells me that often, in his home gallops, Brown Jack has refused to exert himself because he's been so clearly bored stiff with it all. Anthony's remedy has always been to send the horse away to a new gallop, and the sight of fresh fields and new faces has always recaptured Brown Jack's attention.

He knows instinctively, Anthony says, whenever he's off to a race meeting, and, once on the course, Brown Jack never fails to give of his best.

"Can Brown Jack do it?" Well, we shall soon know the answer. The horses are now in the saddling enclosure, and Ivor Anthony has just given Brown Jack a final look-over and handed him to the care of his stable lad and friend, Alfie Garrett.

Ever since Brown Jack joined the Wroughton stables to be trained for flat-racing, after becoming champion hurdler, Alfie Garrett has had charge of him, and the pair have enjoyed life together.

Harry Wilkins, Anthony's head lad, is with him, too, and so is his son, Dick, who rides Brown Jack in training gallops. If this is Brown Jack's day, it's certainly going to be a Wroughton party!

The horses are moving into the parade ring. Alfie's leading Brown Jack, and the old horse is going round, ears cocked, looking at the crowd with evident interest. His coat glistens red-brown in the sun, and he certainly looks the picture of health.

There's his big rivals, Solatium and Harinero, who won the Irish Derby last year, the plucky little mare, Nitsichin, a Cesarewitch winner, the French horse, Dark Dew, and Loosestrife, ridden by Gordon Richards.

Not forgetting, of course, Brown Jack's famous stooge and stable companion, Mail Fist. Mail Fist is always entered in Brown Jack's races nowadays to serve as pace-maker—and right nobly he does the job. The two horses, both at Wroughton and on the course, are inseparable companions.

Lady Wernher long ago gave up hope that Mail Fist would ever win for her, but is perfectly happy if he makes the pace for her husband's horse to get home.

Steve Again

Steve Donoghue, Brown Jack's "other half," wearing Sir Harold Wernher's colours of green and yellow halves, is again riding the old horse—and a wonderful reception the pair are getting as Steve mounts.

He's having a few words now with the owner; Lady Wernher has just given both the horse and jockey a "good luck" wave, and Steve is cantering off to the start, followed by his son, Pat, on Mail Fist. Brown Jack is moving like a three-year-old. It's hard to believe he's ten.

I've just time before the start to give you the runners.

Here they are:—Brown Jack (9st. 8lb.); Solatium (9st.); Dark Dew (9st. 6lb.); Nitsichin (9st. 8lb.); Harinero (9st. 5lb.); Mail Fist (9st. 9lb.); Our Hope (9st. 2lb.); Loosestrife (9st. 2lb.); Benskin (8st.).

A little earlier in the day Brown Jack was slightly out of favour in the betting, and odds of 3 to 1 were quoted against him. Now he has come into his own again and is starting favourite at 6 to 4. The odds are 100 to 30 against Loosestrife; 46 to 1 Harinero; 13 to 2 Nitsichin; 10 to 1 Dark Dew; 100 to 8 Solatium; 100 to 7 Our Hope; and 50 to 1 others.

Mail Fist, quoted among the 50 to 1 others, must be starting at his shortest price for some time!

The race is over two miles, six furlongs and 85 yards, starting at the Hunt Cup Post and going once round the course.

They're Off

There seems a little delay over the start—it's a job to get the horses in line—but now they're lined up—and they're off. They're off after a four-minute delay.

Mail Fist, as usual, has jumped away to the lead, followed by Benskin, Solatium and Loosestrife. He's setting a cracker-jack pace in the hope of wearing the rivals down before Brown Jack makes his big effort. The others are holding him doggedly, though.

Continued on Page 3.

THEY SAY— do you agree?

MOST of us think that pain and suffering are only important when they happen in the same geographical area as that which we happen to inhabit. Thus, a pitiful and compassionate woman, who dissolves in ecstasies of woeful tenderness over a dog who is run over in a street, will read unmoved that a million peasants have perished from famine owing to the flooding of Yellow River in China.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

The one thing the people of this country will need after the war is a holiday. That is vital. I am quite clear in my own mind that when the "let-up" comes the one thing needed to save us from hundreds of troubles is to give a holiday to people who have had a pretty tough time.

Mr. Ernest Bevin
(Minister of Labour).

In attempting to put an end to war, we face a problem that the human race has never yet been able to solve. But of one thing I am perfectly sure; the greatest obstacle to success is defeatism—the assumption that nations are by nature so antagonistic, that foreign peoples are so untrustworthy, or that the technical problems of constructing peace machinery are so great that the task is a hopeless one.

Mr. Sumner Welles
(American Under-Secretary of State).

There is some danger that we may treat the small man in business as if he was an idol. The origin of most big combines in most industries is that they sprang from the enterprise and commercial ability of the small man, and ultimately became great public services.

Lord Woolton
(Minister of Food).

The best way for a young man or woman to prepare for a Parliamentary career is to take a part in local government. Politicians are not made in the library, or even in the debating hall. Politics is the art of dealing with men and women in the mass, and is best learnt by practising it. There is no better stepping-stone to Westminster than local government.

Major T. L. Dugdale, M.P.

The condemnation of our pre-war world is not that it permitted poverty in the midst of plenty, but that it permitted resources to be unemployed in a world which, using them to the full, would still have been insufficiently supplied. So, if we are to achieve the new and higher standards we desire, we must increase and go on increasing our productivity.

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton
(Minister of Production).

Whether it be the reconstruction of Europe, in which England will have to play a formidable part, or in the export markets of the world, a sound grounding in the knowledge of at least two foreign languages will be invaluable. It follows, therefore, that in any post-war plan a great extension of the teaching of all languages must be a part of the curriculum in our national education.

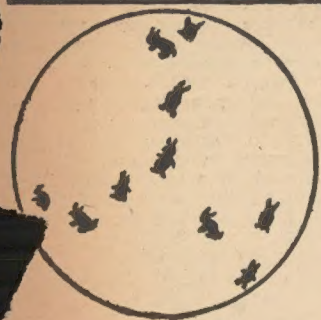
Lord Melchett.

The great post-war problems relate to distribution and consumption. If we can, by national and/or international action, find ways and means of preventing that kind of world suffering, so aptly described as production wealth and consumption poverty, all will be well. All suggested solutions should be most sympathetically studied, even though it may be difficult for those who have been brought up in the old school of political economy to appreciate how at least some of them can be made to function.

Sir Felix J. C. Pole.



Periscope Page



Can you isolate each rabbit by drawing three circles of equal size?

QUIZ for today

1. Bangkok is the capital of—Persia; Siam; Turkey.
2. Baghdad is the capital of—India; Iraq; Syria.
3. Nanking is the capital of—French Indo-China; Siam; China.
4. Largest lake in the world is—Superior; Caspian Sea; Michigan.
5. Largest river in the world is—Volga; Mississippi; Nile.
6. Highest mountain in the world is—Kilimanjaro; Everest; Sorata.
7. Tallest building in the world is—Empire State (N.Y.); Palace of the Soviets (Moscow); Chrysler.
8. Largest merchant vessel in the world is—Normandie, Queen Elizabeth; Bremen.
9. The Oaks is run at—Newmarket; Ascot; Epsom.
10. St. Leger is run at—Chester; Newbury; Newmarket.

Answer to Yesterday's Arithmetical Problem

Their ages were respectively 4 and 20.

RUSH

THE 1,000-year-old craft of treating and modelling rush and reed is still a thriving industry in Britain—the main centre being on the Norfolk Broads.

The trade has been passed down from generation to generation; a child's apprenticeship begins usually soon after he or she starts school, and, because of this, it is common to see three generations working together on a set of mats or chair seats or bath chairs.

In 1938, four Norwich girls came to London to lay the biggest mat ever made in England. The mat, covering an area of 445 square yards, was hand-plaited from rushes cut on Norfolk Broads, and was completed in less than a week.

Norfolk, however, is not the only centre of the industry in England. In a tiny workshop adjoining his home in the village of Henfield, in Sussex, Bob Ruff was, at the age of 86, still managing a successful business in 1939.

Ruff, who has now retired, produced some of the finest rush work ever marketed. He started the trade at the age of seven, when he helped his father.

At the time of his retirement he was still able to re-seat up to a dozen chairs a day.

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

Douglas Wm. Jerrold.

THE next day, the 9th November, I awoke after a long sleep that had lasted twelve hours. Conseil came, as was his custom, to ask "how monsieur had passed the night," and to offer his services.

The whole day passed without my being honoured with a visit from Captain Nemo.

That day I began the account of these adventures, which allowed me to relate them with the most scrupulous exactness, and, curious detail, I wrote it on paper made with marine zostera.

Early in the morning of November 11th, the fresh air spread over the interior of the *Nautilus* told me that we were again on the surface of the ocean to renew our supply of oxygen. I went to the central staircase and ascended it to the platform.

Little by little the clouds disappeared under the action of the sun's rays. I was admiring this joyful sunrise, so gay and reviving, when I heard some one coming up to the platform. I prepared to address Captain Nemo, but it was his mate—whom I had already seen during the captain's first visit—who appeared. He did not seem to perceive my presence, and with his powerful glass he swept the horizon, after which he approached the stair-head and called out some words which I reproduce exactly, for every morning they were uttered under the same conditions.

"Nautron respoc lorni virch."

What those words meant I know not.



Five days passed thus, and still Captain Nemo did not appear.

I had made up my mind that I was not going to see him again, when on the 16th of November, on entering my room with Ned Land and Conseil, I found a note directed to me upon the table.

"To Professor ARONNAX, on board the *Nautilus*.

November 16th, 1867.

"Captain Nemo invites Professor Aronnax to a hunt which will take

Adapted from the Novel by JULES VERNE

place to-morrow morning in the forest of the island of Crespo. He hopes nothing will prevent the professor joining it, and he will have much pleasure in seeing his companions also.

"CAPTAIN NEMO."

"A hunt!" cried Ned.

"And in the forests of Crespo Island," added Conseil.

"Then that fellow does land sometimes," said Ned Land.

"It looks like it," said I, reading the letter again.

"Well, we must accept," replied the Canadian. "Once on land we can decide what to do. Besides, I shall not be sorry to eat some fresh meat."

I consulted the planisphere as to the whereabouts of the island, and in 32° 40' north lat. and 167° 50' west long., I found a small island which was reconnoitred in 1801 by Captain Crespo, and which was marked in old Spanish maps as Rocca de la Plata, or "Silver Rock."

The next day, when I awoke, the *Nautilus* was perfectly still. I dressed quickly and went to the saloon.

Captain Nemo was there waiting for me. He rose, bowed, and asked me if it was convenient for me to accompany him.

"May I ask you, captain," I said, "how it is that, having broken all ties with earth, you possess forests in Crespo Island?"

"Professor," answered the captain, "my forests are not terrestrial forests, but submarine forests."

"Submarine forests!" I exclaimed. "And you offer to take me to them?"

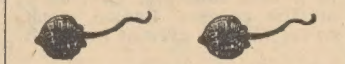
"Precisely."

"But how shall we hunt?—with a gun?"

"Yes, with a gun."

I thought the captain was gone mad, but he only invited me to follow him like a man resigned to anything. We entered the dining-room, where breakfast was laid.

"M. Aronnax," said the captain, "will you share my breakfast without ceremony? We will talk as we eat. You will not find a restaurant in our walk. Breakfast like a man who will probably dine very late."



I did honour to the meal. Captain Nemo went on eating at first without saying a word. Then he said to me—

"When I invited you to hunt in my submarine forests, professor, you thought I was mad. You judged me too lightly. You know as well as I do that man can live under water, providing he takes with him a provision of air to breathe. When submarine work has to be done, the workman, clad

in an impervious dress, with his head in a metal helmet, receives air from above by means of pumps and regulators."

"Then it is a diving apparatus?"

"Yes, but in one that enables him to get rid of the indiarubber

"With the Ruhmkorff apparatus, M. Aronnax, composed of a Bunsen pile, which work with sodium. A wire is introduced, which collects the electricity produced, and directs it towards a particularly-made lantern. In this lantern is a spiral glass which contains a small quantity of carbonic gas. When the apparatus is at work the gas becomes luminous, and gives out a white and con-



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

tube attached to the pump. It is the Rouquayrol-Denayrouze apparatus, invented by two of your own countrymen, but which I have brought to perfection for my own use. It is composed of a reservoir of thick iron plates, in which I store the air under a pressure of fifty atmospheres. This reservoir is fastened on to the back by means of braces, like a soldier's knapsack; its upper part forms a box, in which the air is kept by means of bellows, and which cannot escape except at its normal tension. Two indiarubber pipes leave this box and join a sort of tent, which imprisons the nose and mouth; one introduces fresh air, the other lets out foul, and the tongue closes either according to the needs of respiration. But I, who encounter great pressure at the bottom of the sea, am obliged to shut my head in a globe of copper, into which the two pipes open."

"I have no other objection to make," I answered. "I will only ask you one thing, captain. How do you light your road at the bottom of the ocean?"

tinuous light. Thus provided, I breathe and see."

"But, Captain Nemo, what sort of a gun do you use?"

"It is not a gun for powder, but an air-gun. How could I manufacture gunpowder on board without either saltpetre, sulphur, or charcoal?"

"Besides," I added, "to fire under water, very considerable resistance would have to be conquered."

"That would be no difficulty. There exist certain guns, furnished with a peculiar system of closing, which can be fired under these conditions. But, I repeat, having no powder, I use air under great pressure, which the pumps of the *Nautilus* furnish abundantly."

"But this air must be rapidly consumed."

"Well, have I not my reservoir, which can furnish me with what I need? All I want for that is a tap *ad hoc*. Besides, you will see for yourself, M. Aronnax, that during these submarine shooting excursions you do not use either much air or bullets."

How to write Short Stories—4

"DRAMATIC SITUATIONS"

By C. GORDON GLOVER

I HAVE chosen this particular little story to analyse, because, though in no sense a model story, it exploits the device which, in my experience, is always the simplest and most effective to use by the writer—namely, the setting of a take at a particular moment and in a particular place.

Two men meeting in a bar; one man waiting for a bus; a woman in a house-agent's office looking for a flat; a young girl leaning over the gate of a churchyard—all these are *situations*, each one full of possibilities. The men in the bar have not met for twenty years; the man at the bus-stop is ten minutes ahead of his usual time and sees the man whom he suspects to be his wife's lover getting off another bus; the woman in the agent's is going to be sent to a flat which is in the house where she was born; the girl in the churchyard has seen the name on a tombstone that reminds her of something. All of these are dramatic situations; all get a story going with a bang; all are uncomplicated to handle.

In no case must any time be wasted in this sort of way: "Had you happened to be passing a small public-house in the outer suburbs of London on a sunny May evening of the year 1941, you might have noticed a small, bent man with an umbrella and a ragged moustache apparently deliberating as to whether or not he should quench the thirst that the warmth of the evening had no doubt imposed upon him. It was, indeed, many years since Sebastian Jones, etc., etc."

Get the fellow into the pub in the first sentence, thus: "Jones remembered the pub. He also fancied, as he raised the beer to his lips, that he remembered the face of the man at the far end of the bar." And you're off!

But to return to our coastwise ghost. Our young friend, having contemplated the scene of the neglected pavilion and felt its atmosphere, descends, forces the door, and finds himself with more—atmosphere. "There was green mould crawling on the walls, and on the floor of the passage a carpet of dead leaves. The chill of the place was stupefying after the brilliance of the afternoon—obviously no door or window had been opened for half a century."

"Why?"

"Because they are not ordinary bullets. We use little glass percussion-caps, covered with steel, and weighted with a leaden bottom, in which electricity is forced to a very high tension. At the slightest shock they go off, and the animal, however powerful it may be, falls dead."

"I will argue no longer," I replied, rising from the table. "The only thing left me is to take my gun. Besides, where you go I will follow."

(Continued to-morrow)

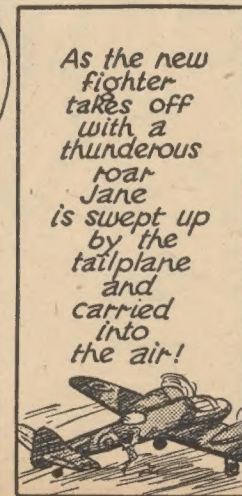
JANE



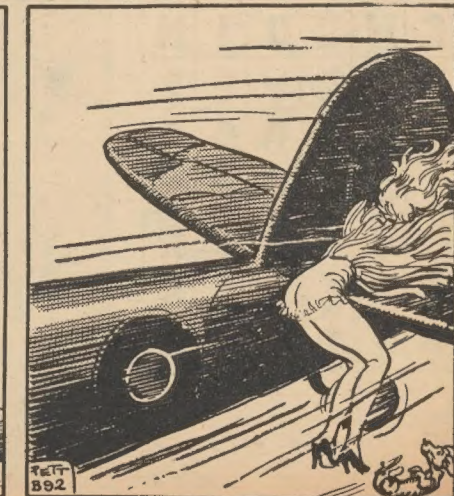
GREAT GUNS!—SHE'S RIGHT!—THAT WAS BIGWOLF AND STICKELBACHER!—I'LL CHASE THEM IN THIS CRATE!



STOP!—GEORGIE!—DON'T GO!—THERE'S AN EXPLOSIVE PLUG IN THE PORT ENGINE!—OH, HE CAN'T HEAR ME!



As the new fighter takes off with a thunderous roar Jane is swept up by the tailplane and carried into the air!



This young lady of Norfolk helped to make a series of rush mats for Queen Mary in 1933. The picture shows her with some of the completed work, the designs for which were specially chosen by the Queen.

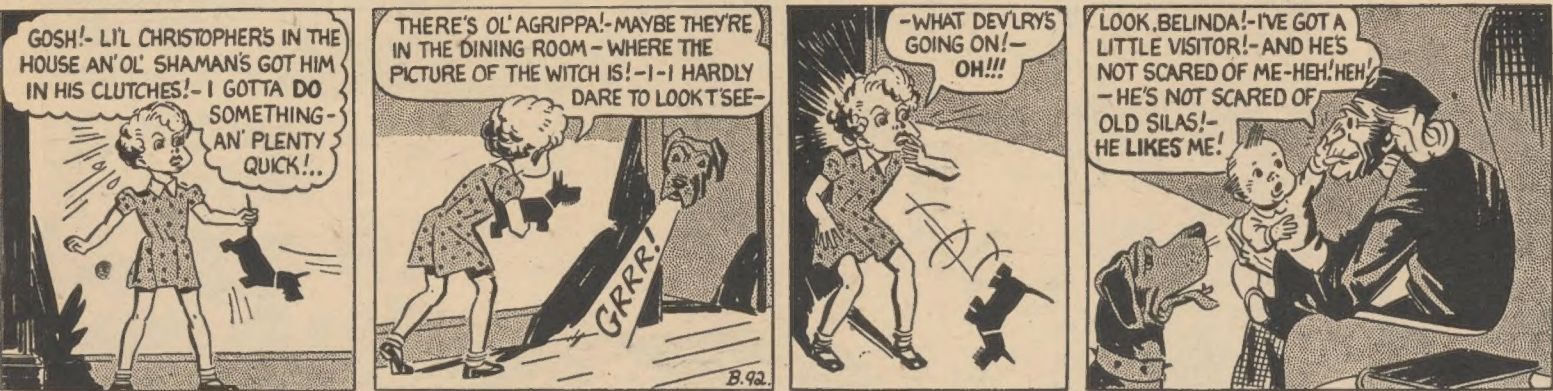
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. King Richard I.
2. Florence Nightingale.
3. H. H. Munro.
4. Adolf Hitler.
5. Mabel Constanduros.
6. Al Jolson.
7. Paul Whiteman.
8. Countess Reventlow (Barbara Hutton).
9. Sir Malcolm Campbell.
10. Richard Murdoch.
11. Sophie Tucker.
12. Casanova.

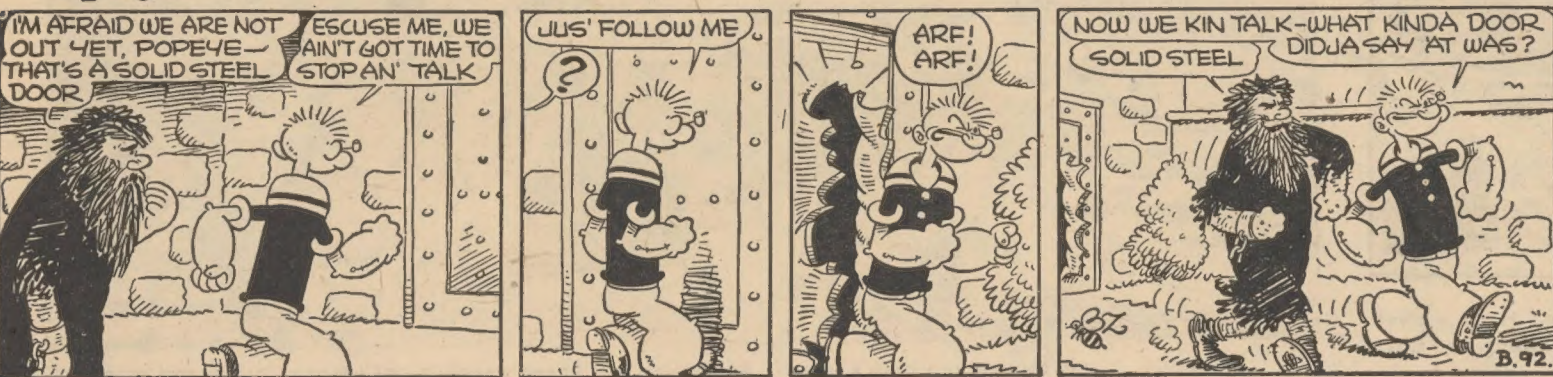
Beelzebub Jones



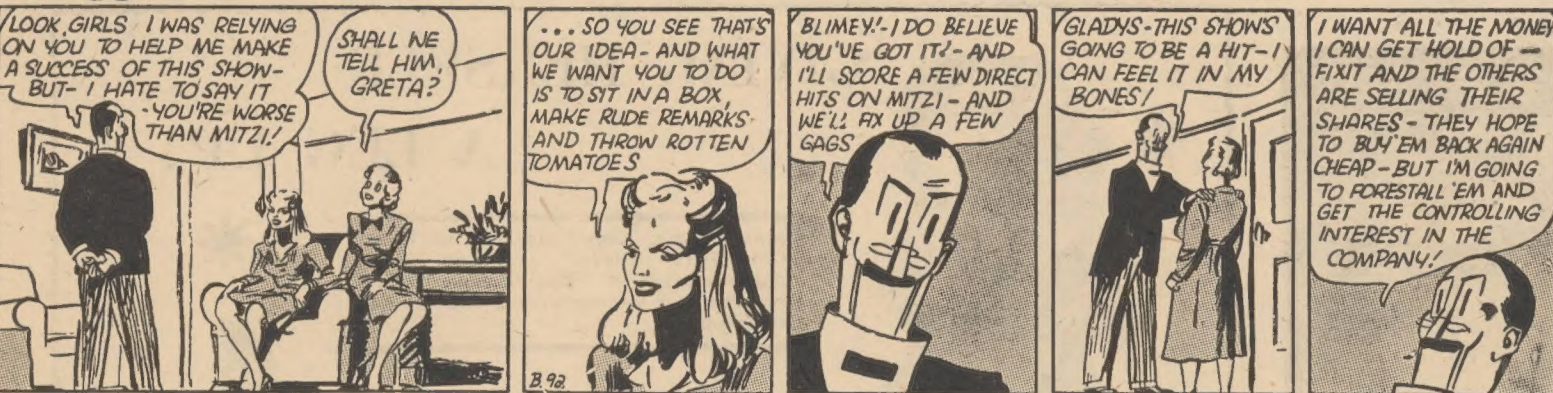
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



SIXTH SUCCESSIVE ASCOT WIN FOR BROWN JACK

(Continued from page 1)

Brown Jack is well down the field at the moment, riding almost neck-to-neck with Nitsichin.

They're passing the stands now for the first time—that means they've covered just over seven furlongs—and Mail Fist and Benskin are fighting out the lead, with Solatium and Loosestrife next, and Brown Jack and Nitsichin several lengths away.

Loosestrife is coming with a burst—yes, he's in front. Mail Fist is dropping back. Evidently he thinks he's done enough for his pal for one day.

Brown Jack is moving up ... and so is Dark Dew. The French horse is going strongly and lacks Donoghue's most serious rival.

Loosestrife seems to have shot his bolt. He's slackening, and Brown Jack is in front now, followed by Dark Dew. And there's Solatium going like the wind. Mail Fist is pulling up and Pat Donoghue is dismounting. Brown Jack's old pal evidently cannot stand the strain any longer.

Brown Jack Leads

The bell—and they're entering the straight. Brown Jack is leading, but there's very little in it. Solatium is hanging on grimly, fighting every yard of the way. Solatium is on the rails, going like steam. It's odds on one or other of these two now.

Solatium is still there, challenging, threatening. Brown Jack is giving everything he's got. He's going like a youngster—and he seems to be enjoying every minute of it.

Donoghue is urging Brown Jack on—and the old horse is responding nobly. He's gaining now. Solatium is still fighting it out, but Brown Jack is gaining. A neck in front now ... half a length ... a length.

This is Brown Jack's greatest effort. He's just grand. A length and a half. He's coming up now to the post, and how the crowd is cheering him home! Solatium is still there, but nothing can shake old Jack. He's done it!

Brown Jack, ridden by Steve Donoghue, wins the Queen

Alexandra Stakes for the sixth year in succession. Solatium, ridden by J. Caldwell, is second, two lengths away; and Dark Dew, with W. Johnstone up, third, a further six lengths behind.

How the cheers are ringing now for old Brown Jack! The horse that belongs to everyone is getting the reception he deserves. Hats are flung into the air; scores of otherwise elegantly dressed men will finish the day without their headgear.

Policemen are trying to make a way for Donoghue as he takes the old boy back. Everyone in the crowd seems to want to pat the horse.

They're just going in now to unsaddle. But wait ... Brown Jack has stopped. Donoghue is trying his utmost, but can't get him to budge an inch. An amazing sight! The crowd is growing every moment, and in the middle of it, with Alfie Garrett in attendance, stands Brown Jack, ears cocked, enjoying the homage of his "owners" ... refusing to hurry from the scene of his triumph.

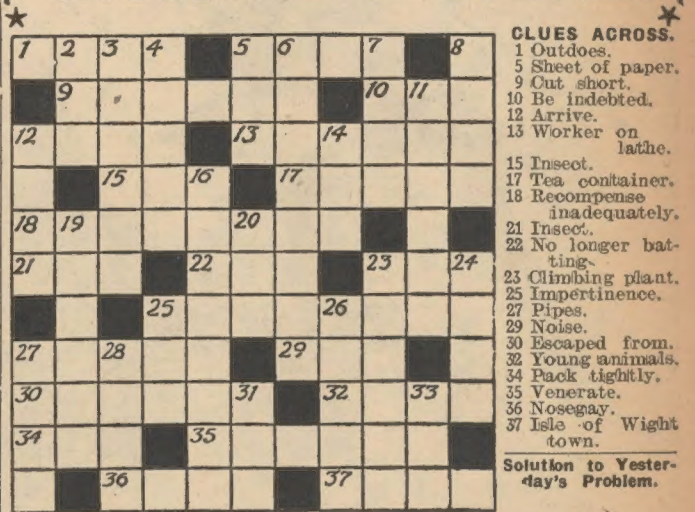
Postscript

So ended the career of the Peter Pan among racehorses. Brown Jack, after being sold as a scrappy youngster for £50, won nearly £30,000 in prize money. Sir Harold Wernher decided to retire him after his sixth Ascot triumph—and away he was sent to an honoured place in his owner's stables in Leicestershire—to end his days in retirement. There he still lives, quietly, happily, occasionally galloping around his paddock.

When Brown Jack has passed on, his memory will still remain green, for a bronze statuette of him has been erected in the Royal Box at Ascot—the King once ordered it to be taken down and shown to the crowd, so great was everyone's interest—and his picture has been hung in the Royal Academy.

There is another reminder of him, too. In the Epsom Spring Meeting in the year before the war a new race was instituted—the Brown Jack Stakes. All in tribute to a great horse who will never grow old.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Outdoos.
5 Sheet of paper.
9 Out short.
10 Be indebted.
12 Arrive.
13 Worker on lathe.
15 Insect.
17 Tea container.
18 Recompense inadequately.
21 Insect.
22 No longer battling.
23 Climbing plant.
25 Impertinence.
27 Pipes.
29 Noise.
30 Escaped from.
32 Young animals.
34 Pack tightly.
35 Venerate.
36 Nosegay.
37 Isle of Wight town.
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.
2, Bother. 3, Scented ointment. 4, Part of play. 5, Permit. 6, Erudite. 7, Loving. 8, Absolute. 11, Cleats. 12, River fish. 14, Beam. 16, Outer garment. 19, Luminous patch in sky. 20, Animal's fore-foot. 23, Lack. 24, Reptile. 25, Colour. 26, More pleasant. 27, Limited space of time. 28, Dull Blow. 31, N. African Governor. 33, Garden plot.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Taking it like a lamb



"Junior" sure has got something there. Here we've been searching places for economy tips on washing, and this kid introduces the last word on woollies... cleaning of. Well, well. We're never too old to learn... or are we.... Ba(h).



Polperro... as though you didn't know. As though you haven't seen it both storm-lashed and placid. As though you haven't climbed that hill... met the boys... and recalled previous night's fishing adventures, over a healthy pint. Yes... Polperro... unchanged, unchanging... truly, part of This England.



Looks like this W.R.E.N. has only learned part of the "Make and Mend" order, but there's no doubt she's putting in a "spot" of good work. They thought a costume show would be a good idea to liven up things at this Wrennery, and from the success of it you can't say she's simply handing out "eye-wash."

GIVING HERSELF A LEG UP!



Janet Blair, Columbia star in film "My Sister Eileen" seems to have put our ideas of "chair comfort" in reverse, but we can't deny that she's sitting pretty.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It takes a lot to interest me, submariners."

